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would not suffer me to pitch my tent on
their fair
meadow, and Sulti, the Patriarch's sister, has
installed me
in a good room in the house, looking across
the tremendous
ravine of the Terpai upon savage
mountains, the lower
skirts of which are clothed with the tawny
foliage of the
scrub oak, and their upper heights with
snow.

I. L. B.